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# The Tudor Facsimile Texts

## Tom Tyler and his Wife

[c. 1551 (Kirkman)]

*Date of the first known Edition . . . 1661*

*(From the B.M. copy)*

*Reproduced in Facsimile, 1912*



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# The Tudor Facsimile Texts

[Vol. 120]

*Under the Supervision and Editorship of*

JOHN S. FARMER

## Tom Tyler and his Wife

*See Vol. 120*  
[c. 1551 (Kirkman)]

124819  
8/10/12

*Issued for Subscribers by the Editor of*  
THE TUDOR FACSIMILE TEXTS  
MCMXII



# Tom Tyler and his Wife

[c. 1551 (Kirkman)]

This facsimile is from Kirkman's edition of 1661, a copy of which is in the British Museum; another example is in the Dyce collection at South Kensington.

This edition is the only one extant. The title-page says it was "printed and acted (a suggestive inversion of the usual custom: but see infra) about a hundred years ago," i.e. in, say, 1551. There is no other trace of its having been either acted, printed, or even licensed; and whether Kirkman's was really a "second," or even a "first," or "third" impression is doubtful. The only evidence is that Baker ("Biographica Dramatica," 1764) schedules "Tome Tylere and his Wyfe . . . Anon. 4to. 1598," which suggests an intermediate impression between it and Kirkman's "second" to the "first," c. 1551. The entry is reproduced without change in the second and third editions of "Biographica Dramatica." On the other hand, Ritson ("Ancient Songs," 130) seemingly quotes it as "first printed in 1578." According to this, four editions are suggested:—

- (1) The First (suggested by Kirkman) c. 1551.
- (2) The Second (mentioned by Ritson) 1578.
- (3) The Third (quoted by Baker) 1598.
- (4) The Fourth (the only one extant) 1661.

We know the fourth, which "fathers" the first; Collier, Dyce, Ward and others accept the second date; Halliwell follows the third: that is the record. On the other hand, it may be stated that there is no mention of the play in the advertisement lists of Rogers and Leys for 1656, but in Archer's for the same year, five years prior to Kirkman's edition of the play, appears "Tom tyler, C," but with no mention of date.

Since Kirkman's "second impression" the play was first reprinted typographically by Prof. Schelling in 1900, and next by "The Early English Drama Society." It is now for the first time reproduced in facsimile.

The authorship is unknown and suggestions are few. Baker, assigning no reason, attributed the play to W. Wager, the author of "The Longer Thou Livest the More Fool thou Art," but in truth, in both plays, there is little internal evidence to guide to decision.

A Bibliographical interest attaches to Kirkman's "True, perfect, and exact Catalogue" of all dramatic literature "ever yet printed and published till this present year 1661." Believing that subscribers will welcome this also in facsimile, I am including it with the present issue as an integral part of the original.

The original is badly printed and stained: this facsimile is a faithful reproduction of a poor copy.



TOM TYLER  
AND  
His Wife.  
AN EXCELLENT OLD  
P L A Y,

AS

It was Printed and Acted about a  
hundred Years ago.

Together, with an exact Catalogue of all the playes  
that were ever yet printed.

---

The second Impression.

---



LONDON,  
Printed in the Year, 1661.

## The names of the Players.

- Destinie*, A sage Parson.  
*Desire*, The Vice.  
*Tom Tyler*, A labouring Man.  
*Strife*, Tom Tylers Wife.  
*Sturdie*, A Gossip.  
*Typple*, An Ale-wife.  
*Tom Tayler*, An Artificer.  
*Patience*, A sage Parson.







*Tom Tyler and his Wife.*

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¶ THE PROLOGUE.

**M**Y dutie first in humble wise fulfill'd,  
I humbly come, as humbly as I am will'd,  
To represent, and eke to make report,  
That after me you shall hear merrie sport.  
To make you joy and laugh at merrie toyes,  
I mean a play set out by prettie boyes.  
Whereto we crave your silence and good will,  
To take it well: although he wanted skill  
That made the same so perfectly to write,  
As his good will would further and it might.  
The effect whereof it boots not to recite,  
For presently yee shall have it in sight.  
Nor in my head such cunning doth consist,  
They shall themselves declare it as they list.  
But my good will I promised them to do,  
Which was to come before to pray of you,  
To make them room, and silence as you may,  
Which being done, they shall come in to play.

*Since Effe*  
Here entreth in Destinie and Desire.

**D**Represent the part that men report,  
To be a plague to men in many a sort.  
Destinie. I am, which as your Proverbs go,  
In weding or haging am taken sor a so,  
Where as under the trath is nothing so.  
Be it well or ill as all things hap in fine.  
The praise or dispraise ought not to be mine.  
Desire. I am glad I met you.  
Destinie. Whither set you?  
Desire. I set I tell you true, to seek and see you,  
To tell you such newes, as I cannot chuse.  
Destinie. I pray you what is that?  
Desire. Sirra know you not Tom Tyler your man?  
Destinie. Yes Harry, what than?  
Desire. He made sute to me, his friend sor to be,  
To get him a wife, to lead a good life.  
And so I consented, and was well contented,

2 Tom Tyler and his Wife.

To help him to woo, with all I could do.

And married he is.

Destinie. But what for all this ?

Desire. Harry that shall you know, his wife is a shew,  
And I hear tell, she doth not use him well.

Wherfore he speaks shame of thee and my name.

Destinie. If you so framed, to have your name blamed,  
Or your deeds be noughtie, what am I faultie ?

I know no cause why ;

Desire. No more do I .

I did my good will, and though he sped ill,  
I care not a flie.

Destinie. Let them two frise.

They match as they can, the wife and good man,  
In wealth or in wo, as masters do go.  
And let us not mind, their lot to unbind,  
But rather forget them,

Desire. Harry so let them.

For as for my part, though it long to my Ark  
Mens hearts to infame, their fancies to frame  
When they have obtained, I am not constrained  
To do any more.

Destinie. Content thee therefore,  
And let thy heart rest, for so it is best.  
And let us away, as fast as we may,  
For fear he come to you.

Desire. Harry have with you. Here they both go in.

¶ Tom Tyler commeth in singing.

The Proverb reporteth, no man can deny,  
That wedding and hanging is destiny.

A Song. I Am a poore Tyler in simple array,

I And get a poore living, but eight pence a day,  
My wife as I get it, doth spend it away;

And I cannot help it, she saith; wot ye why,  
For wedding and hanging is destiny.

I thought when I wed her, she had been a sheep,  
At boord to be friendly, to sleep when I sleep.

She loves so unkindly, she makes me to weep ; But





Tom Tyler and his Wife.

But I dare say nothing god wot, wot ye why?  
For wedding and hanging is destiny.  
Besides this unkindnesse whereof my gret grows,  
I think few Tylers are matcht with such shrowds;  
Before she leaves brawling, she falls to deal blows  
Which early and late doth cause me cry,  
That wedding and hanging is destiny.  
The more that I please her, the worse she doth like me,  
The more I forbear her, the more she doth strike me,  
The more that I get her the more she doth glike me;  
No worth this ill Fortune that maketh me crie  
That wedding and hanging is destiny.  
If I had been hanged when I had been married,  
My tormentis had ended, though I had miscarried;  
If I had been warned, then wold I have farried;  
But now all to lately I feel and crie,  
That wedding and hanging is destiny.

The song ended, Tom Tyler speaketh  
T. Tiler. You see with what fashion I plead my passions;  
By marrying of Strife, which I chose to my wifse,  
To leade such a life, with sorow and gret,  
As I tell you true, is so bad sor a Jew.  
She hath such skill, to do what she will,  
To gossipand to swill, when I fare but ill.  
I must work soze, I must get some moze,  
I must still send it, and she will still spend it,  
I pray God amend it, but she doth not intend it.  
What should I say, but high me away,  
And do my work duly, where ich am paid truly?  
For if my wife come, up goeth my bonnie,  
And she should come hither, and we met together,  
I know we shall fight, and eke scratch and bite.  
I thereforee wll go hie me, and to my work ple me,  
As fast as I can.

Here Tom Tyler goeth in, and his wife cometh out.  
Strife. Alasse silly man;  
What a buabond have I, as light as a flie?  
I leap and I skip, I carry the whtp.

And

4 Tom Tyler and his Wife.

And I bear the bell; If he please me not well,  
I will take him by the pole, by cocks precious soul  
I will make him to toil, when I laugh and smile;  
I will fare of the best, I will sit and take rest,  
And make him to find all things to my mind.  
And yet sharp as the wind, I will use him unkind,  
And sain my self sick; there is no such trick,  
To dolt with a Daw, and keep him in awe.  
I will teach him to know the way to Dunmoe.  
At bord and at bed, I will crack the knaves head,  
If he look but awry, or cast a sheeps eye:  
So shall I be sure, to keep him in ure,  
To serve like a knave, and live like a slave.  
And in the mean season, I will have my own reason;  
And no man to controle me, to pil or to pole me,  
Which I love of life.

Sturdie. God speed gossip Strife. Sturdie entreth.  
Strife. Well met Goodwife Sturdie, both welcom and  
And ever I thank ye. Worthie

Sturdie. I pray you go prank ye,  
Ye are dew old huddle.

Strife. The Pigs in the puddle.  
But now welcome indeed, and ye be agreed,  
Let us have some chat.

Sturdie. Marry why nat?  
For I am come hither, to gossip together,  
For I drank not to day.

Strife. So I hear say.  
But I tell you true, I thought not of you,  
Yet the ale-wife of the Swan, is filling the Can,  
With spice that is fine, and part shall be thine,  
If that thou wilt farre.

Sturdie. Why, yes by Saint Mary;  
Else were I a fool.

Tip. Marrie here is good rule. Here entreth Tipple, with a  
pot in her hand, and a piece  
of Bacon.  
A sight of good guesse.

Strife. Over a one lesse, now Tipple is come.

Tipple. And here is good bum, I dare boldly say.

Sturdie.





*Tom Tyler and his Wife.*

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Sturdie. Why had not I some of this tother day?

Tipple. Make much of it now, and glad that ye may.

Come, where shall we sit? and here is a bit

Of a Gammon of Bacon.

Strife. Well said by Baron.

Sit down even here, and fall to it there:

I wold it were better for ye;

As long lives a merry heart as a sozic.

Tipple. Where is Tom Tiler now, where is he?

Strife. What carest thou where a dolt should be.

And where is your good man?

Tipple. Forsooth nought at home, he is abrod for pence.

Sturdie. Well, I had need to go hence,

Least my good man do misse me.

Strife. I wold teach him John come kisse me,  
If the dolt were mine.

Sturdie. Alas are you so fine!

Would God in all your chere, Tom Tiler saw you here;

Strife. What and if he did?

Tipple. Marris God forbid, the house would be too hot,

Strife. Now by this peinster pot,

And by this dzink I will dzink now,

God knows what I think now.

Sturdie. What think you Gossip Strife?

Strife. I had rather then my life,

My husband would come bither,

That we might busk together,

Ye should see how I could tame him.

Tipple. Alas, and could ye blame him,

If that he were displeased?

Strife. He shall be soon appeased,

If either he gaspetly or glometh.

Sturdie. By gods blew hood he cometh.

Away, by the passe alway, he will us all else stray.

Tom. These summer daies be verie dzile.

Strife. Pea, that is a devil a lie.

A knave, what dost thou here?

Tom. Ich shoud have a pot of beer, & go to work agaen.

*Tom Tiler  
com. th in.*

Strife.

**T**om Tyler and his Wife.

Strife. Pea knave, shall honest men  
Go hire thee by the day, and thou shalt go away,  
To loyter to and fro? I will teach thee for to know  
How fast the houres go. One, two, and thre.

T. Tiler. I pray thee let be. She beateth him.

Strife. Four, five and six; Lord, that I had some sticks,  
I would clapper claw thy bones,  
To make you tell your stomes,  
The wosser while I know you;

T. Tiler. Good wife I beshew you;  
I pray you leave tumbling.

Strife. Pea knave are you tumbling?  
Hence ye knave hence, bring me home pence,  
Afore ye go to bed, or I will break your knaves head,  
Will the blood go about.

T. Tiler. Now our Lord keep us out, Tom Tiler goeth out.  
From this wicked wife.

Sturdie. Why, how now Strife? here is prettie rule;

Strife. Hold your peace fool, it is no newes for me;  
Let this talk be, and fall to your chere.

Tipple. Here is good beer quaff and be merrie.

Strife. I am half weatle with chiding alreadie.

Sturdie. Keep your brains fiddie,  
And fall to your drynking.

Tipple. Nay fall to singing, and let us go dance.

Strife. By my froth chance, and let us begin,  
Rise up gossips, and I will bring you in.

**H**ere they sing.

Tom Tiler, Tom Tiler,

More morter for Tom Tiler.

**A**s many as match themselves with blowes, Strife  
May hap to carrie away the blowes, singeth this staff.

Tom Tiler, Tom Tiler.

As many a Tyde both ebs and flowes,  
So many a misfortune comes and goes,

Tom Tiler, Tom Tiler.

Though





*Tom Tyler and his Wife.*

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Tipple singeth Though Tilers clime the house to tile,  
this stafe. They must come down another while,

*Tom Tiler, Tom Tiler.*

Though many a one do seem to smile,  
When Geese do wink, they mean some gile,

*Tom Tiler, Tom Tiler.*

Sturdie singeth Though Tom be stout, and Tom be strong,  
this stafe. Though Tom be large, and Tom be long,

*Tom Tiler, Tom Tiler.*

Tom hath a wife will take no wrong,

But teach her Tom another song. Here they end singing,

*Tom Tiler, Tom Tiler.* and Tipple speaketh.

Tipple. Alas poor Tom, his Cake is doow.

Sturdie. Ye may see what it is to met with a Chow.

And now we have song this merry fit,

Let us now leave gossiping yet.

Strife. Hold your peace soles, ye have no wit

Fill in and spars not, I will in, I care not.

This drinke is ipse, to make us all tipsy.

And now gossip Sturdie, if I may be so worthie,

Hall this I drinke to you.

Sturdie. The headache will sting you, I fear me anon,

Therefore let us be gone, I heartily pray you.

Strife. Tipple, What say you, will you drinke no more?

Tipple. I have sippled sore I promise you plain,

Pet once and no more, habe at you again.

Strife. Ho, pray God, he.

Sturdie. Ho, ho, ho, ho.

Here they sing again.

Another Song.

The Mill a, the Mill a,  
So merily goes the mery Mill a.

**L**et us slip, and let it slip,  
And go which way it will a,

B

Let

8 Tom Tyler and his Wife.

Let us trip, and let us skip,  
And let us drink our fill a.  
Take the cup, and drink all up,  
Give me the can to fill a:  
Every cup, and every cup,  
Hold here, and my god will a.  
Gossip mine, and Gossip thine,  
Now let us gossip still a:  
Here is good wine, this Ale is fine,  
Now drink of which you will a.  
Round about, till all be out,  
I pray you let us still a:  
This jelly grout, is jelly and gout;  
I pray you sent it still a.  
Let us laugh, and let us quaff,  
God drinkers think none fill a:  
Here is your bag, here is your staff,  
Be packing to the mill a,

Here they end singing, and Tipple speaketh first.

Tipple. So merrily goes the merrie mill a;  
Hold, here is my can.  
Surdie. Nay I besh; in my hart thay.  
I must depart, therefore adew.  
Strife. Then farre and take us all with you.  
Come Gossips, come. Here they go all in, and  
Tom Tiler cometh out:

T. Tiler. I am a tiler as you see, a simple man of my de-

(gré).

Yet many have need of me, to keep them clean and dry;  
And specially in the summer time.  
To pin their tiles, and make their lime,  
And tile their houses to keep out rain,  
Being well rewarde for my pain.  
And where I work by walk or bap,  
I truly earn it and they truly pay;  
I would desire no better life.

Except





*Tom Tyler and his Wife.*

Except that God would change my wife,  
 If she were gone, and I were free,  
 What tiler then were like to me?  
 For howsoever I travel, she uses me like a Javel,  
 And goeth from house to house, as drunk as a mouse;  
 Giving and granting, checking and taunting,  
 Bragging and vaunting, flouting and flaunting.  
 And when I come home, she makes me a mome:  
 And cuts my comb, like a hop on my thumb,  
 With contrary biting too dear of reciting.  
 But this is the end, if I could get a friend  
 Some council to give me, you would not believe me  
 How glad I would be.

Enter Tom Tayler.

T. Tiler. The wiser man he, Tom. Tiler how now?  
 T. Tiler. Tom Tayler, how dost thou?  
 Tayler. After the old sort, in mirth and jolly sport,  
 Tayler-like I tell you.  
 T. Tyler. Ah serra I smell you.  
 You have your hearts ease, to do what you please,  
 But I have heard tell, that you have the hell.  
 Tayler. Marrie that is well. But what if I have?  
 T. Tiler. May not I crave one friendly god turn,  
 While the fire doth burn, to put my wife to such ill fare?  
 Tayler. In faith I do not care,  
 But what meanest thou by this?

T. Tiler. To live in some blisse, and be rid of my wife.  
 Tayler. Why are you at strife, what is the cause?  
 T. Tiler. When I come in her clawes,  
 She gudges me soz ever; but help me now o; never,  
 As I told thez before,  
 Put her in hell, and I care soz no more.  
 Tayler. Why soltis knave, what hell should I have?  
 With a wild evill am I a Devil?

Thou art out of thy witt.  
 T. Tiler. No hum say not yet, though I am vext with a  
(fit)  
 Of a liberal wife, that will shorzen my life.

And thou be no devil, take it not evyl ;  
 For I heard tell, that thou hast a hell.  
 And I have a wife, so debilish in strife,  
 Which cannot do well, and therefore mister for hell,  
 Then here to remain.

Tayler. If the matter be so plain ;  
 Then what will thou say, if I find the wap  
 By words to intreat her, and after to beat her  
 If she will not be ruled.

T. Tiler. She is so well schoold with so many choyses  
 To receive any blowes, never think so.

Tayler. If she be such a chose, somthing at her thole,  
 Stand to it foltly call, I will be thy half,  
 What will she say ?

T. Tiler. Pea her fingers be very light,  
 And that do I find, her checks be so unkind,  
 Always and ever, she is pleased never,  
 But fuming and freating, buffeting and beating ;  
 Of thys my silly colard.

Tayler. A boozon boldard. And what dost thou than ?

T. Tiler. Like a poor man,  
 Desiring her gently to let me live quietly.

Tayler. No wof min honest is I like the better,  
 And wouldest thou let her ?

T. Tiler. Pea, and so would you, I tell you true,  
 If you were in my case.

Tayler. Say then by Gods grace,  
 I will prove by your leave, if she can me deceyde  
 By any such sort, ye shall see a god spoyl,  
 Put off thy coat and all thy apparel ;  
 And for thy quarrel I will make sped,  
 And put on thy wod, come on and waray the.

T. Tiler. And what now I pray the.

Tayler. Come give me the rest.

T. Tiler. I wene you do best. What mean you by this ?

Tayler. No harm sir I wis.

Now get me a cudgel, this is wondrous well,  
 Now am I well armed if now I be harmed.





*Tom Tyler and his Wife.*      ii

I may chance to beguile her, for beating Tom Tiler;  
Now Thomas my friend, this is the end;  
You say your wife will fight, her fingers be so light;  
If she have such delight, I will conjure the sprite,  
If we come near while I tarry here.  
Therefore stand by, and when thou hearest me crie,  
Come help me to cheer me.

T. Tiler. Nay I must not come near thee, Here Tom Til<sup>er</sup>  
Be certain of that. go:th in a while.

Tayler. Well if you will not, make no more debating.  
Strife. Ye Knave are ye prating? Enter Strife.  
When you shoulb be at work, do you loiter and lurk?  
Take that for your labour.

Tayler. Nay faith by your favour I will pay you again,  
There is for me to requite your pain.

Strife. Ye Knave are you striking?

Tayler. Ye whoore, are ye graking?

Strife. In faith ye Knave I will cool you.

Tayler. In faith ye whoore I will rule you.

Strife. Ye Knave are ye so fresh?

Tayler. Ye whoore I will plague your flesh.

Strife. And I will displease thee a little better;

Tayler. And in faith I will not die thy debtor.

How now, how like you your match?

Strife. As I did ever, even like a Patch.

Ah Knave, wilt thou strike thy wife?

Tayler. Ye marrie, I love this gear alise.

Strife. Hold thy hand, and thou be a man.

Tayler. Knel down and ask me forgiueness then.

Strife. Ah whoozson Knave my bones is soze.

Tayler. Ah unhappy whoore; do so then no moze.

Strife. I pray thee be still, thou shalt have thy will.

I will do so no more, I am sorry therefore.

I will never more strike, nor proser the like,

Alas I am killid.

Tayler. Nay thou art swilled as thou hast been e.

(ver.

But

But troublis me never, I advise thē again.

For I will brāin thē then.

Now praise at thy parting.

Strife. We worth overwharting that ever I knew,

I am beaten so blew, and my gall is all burst.

I thought at the first he had been a dolt.

But I bridled a Colt of a contrarie hare,

Soure saucy is now my chear.

Therefore I will away, for I get nougħt by this play;

And get me to bed, and dressē up my head.

I am so sore beaten with blowes. He frett in.

Tayler. It is hard matching with shrowes.

I see well enough the Damsel was tough,

And loth for to bend. But I think in the end

I made her to bow. But where is Tom now?

That he may knew how all matters do stand.

T. Tiler enters. T. Tiler. Here sit at hand. Who now?

(Tom Tayler)

Tayler. Much ado to quall her.

But I believē my girds do her grieves,

I dare be bold, she longs not to scold,

For use her old spoȝt, in such devilish sort;

T. Tiler. I pray thē why so?

Tayler. I have made her so wo, so black and so blew,

I have changed her hew and made her to bend;

That to her līves end she will never offend

In word nor in deed. Therefore now take heed

She strike thē no more.

T. Tiler. Ich will strokē thē theretō;

And Tom God a mercy.

Tayler. She looked asle verlie at her first coming in,

And so did begin to thowȝt of howes,

And fell to fair blowes.

But then I behide me, and she never spide me;

What I was I am sure. Therefore get thē to bed,

And get thē to bed, whatsoever is said.

And care not a straw, for thou hast her in alwe.

She





She is so well beaten, she dare not once threaten,  
Nor give thee any ill word at bed and at board,  
But grunting and groaning, thou shalt find her moning  
Her peccous case with a saint Johns face,  
I warrant well painted, for I stroke till she fainted,  
And paid her for all ever,  
Till she said she would never be churlish again.

T.Tiler. Let me alone with my damsel then ;  
And if I be able, without any fable  
I will quitt thē.

Tayler. If she crossable thē,  
Hences forth evermore, bewinge her therefore,  
And keep her up short, from all her old sport,  
And she will not be ruled, let her be cōled.

T. Tiler. But I dare say, she will think of this day,  
All her life long.

Tayler. Shall we have then a god song,  
For joy of this glē betwixt her and thē ?

T.Tiler. By my troth if you will, I shall fulfil  
As much as I can.

Tayler. Let us sing than  
The tying of the Mare, that went out of square.  
T. Tiler. By my troth any you dare, go to begin.

Here they sing.

Tie, tie, tie the mare, tie,  
Lest she stray from thee away ;  
Tie the mare Tomboy.

Tom Tiler singeth.

Tom might be merris, and well might fare,  
But for the haltering of his mare,  
Which is so wicked to fling and tie,  
Go tie the mare Tomboy, tie the mare, tie.

Tom Tailer singeth.

Blame not Thomas if Tom be sick,  
His mare doth prance, his mare doth kick ;

She

14. Tom Tyler and his Wife.

She snorts and holds her head so high,  
Go tie the mare Tomboy, tie the mare, tie.

Tom Tiler singeth.

If Tom crieth hayf, or Tom crieth hoe,  
His mare will straight give Tom a blos,  
Where she doth bait, Tom shall abie,  
Go tie thy mare Tomboy, tie the mare, tie.

Tom Tayler singeth.

Tom if thy mare do make such sport,  
I give thee councel to keep her shourt.  
If she be coltish, make her to crieth,  
Go tie the mare Tomboy, tie the mare, tie.

Here they end singing, and Tom Tayler first speaketh.

Tayler. Well now to your charge,  
Let her run no more at large.  
But now she is so well framed,  
If she do ill you must be blamed,  
Therefore take heed haed.

T. Tiler. Yes that I will indeed.  
And I thank you for your pain,  
As I am bound I tell you plain.

Tayler. Well Thomas fare you well, Tom Taylor goeth in.  
Till you come where I do dwell.

T. Tiler. Ah serra this is trim, that my wife is coold  
(by him,

I marvel how she took the matter;  
And how she will look when I come at her;  
And whether she be well or sick;  
For my part I doe not kick  
To do my dutie as I ought,  
Yet will I never die for thought,  
I will go hie me home.

Tom Taylor goeth in.

Here entereth Sturdie and Tipple.

Sturdie. Farewell god honest momes.

Tipple





*Tom Tyler and his Wife.*

15

Tipple, How likest thou this match?  
Wouldst thou have thought the Patch,  
Would have beat his wife so black and blew from top to  
(toe

Being such a simple fool?

Tipple. Wellike he hath learned in a new school  
Whereto I cannot chuse but lasse,  
The still holt eateth up all the drasse.  
Beware of such wily Pies.

Stardie. But she, an she be wise,  
Will seek some way to rook him.

Tipple. It is too late to break him, if now he get the  
(better.

Sturdie. If she can do so, let her;  
I dare be bold to say, she will do what she may.

Lo here she cometh creeping,  
Alas for wo and weeping,  
The truth will now appear.

Enter Strife fair and  
Lusty, willing and  
weeping.

Strife. Alas and well away.

Strife. How ill have I been used, my bones be all to  
(bruised.

My flesh is plagued bly, and my head is wounder bly.  
My arms be back and blew, and all my sides be new.

Sturdie. Though all this be with you Gossipy, discom-  
(fort never.

Tipple. He watched ye once for ever.  
But trust his hands no more.

Strife. Alas I am so sore.

I can neither stand nor sit but am beside my wit;  
And never well apaid, till that I may be laid  
To ease me on my bed.

Sturdie. Bind this about your head,  
And hardly lay you down, we must into the town;  
And after that, surely then we will come to you again;  
And I pray you be of god chær.

Tipple. I am sorrie to see you here  
In such unhappy case, but take some heart of grace,

T

God

God Gossip I pray you,

Strife. Alas neighbours, I say y<sup>e</sup> ou  
From your busnesse perhaps, but I will take a nap,  
If I can where I lie.

Sturdie. Then we will see you again by and by.

Sturdie and Tipple goeth out, and Tom Tiler cometh in.

T. Tiler. I heard say my wite is abominable sick,  
Indeed she was beat with an unhappy sick,  
Gods, look where she lies, close with her eyes,  
What is well said I will get me to bed,  
And lay me hard by her, and yet not too neare her,  
For feare I awake her, a good yeare take her,  
For using me so.

Strife. Oat alas, O, O,

My bones, my bones, fall in peeces at ones, !  
Alas, alas, I die. O husband, husband why,  
Why have you done so? I was never your fo<sup>r</sup>,  
So much as you make me, and se you may take me,  
If I haue you offended, it shall be amended.  
Alas wherfore should ye beate me a so soare?

T. Tyler. You would be still never, but basset me,  
(ever,

And Gossip at will, when I must work ill.  
And take ill your pleasure, and brayl without measure.  
And now you may see, as the old sayings bee,  
God sendeth now, short hernes to a curst Cow.  
I come home merrily, when you sit verely  
Lowring and pouting, knawing and lowking.  
And I was your noddy, as much as no body.

Strife. Alas what than, you being a man,  
Should beare with my folly, and you being holly,  
Might councel me, tho not beating me so.  
I thought I shold find, you loving and kinde,  
And not of this minde.

For us to war fo<sup>r</sup>s, for such crewel blosnes,  
I tell you platne, I married my bane,

When





*Tom Tyler and his Wife.*

17

When I married thee; as far as I see.

T. Tiler. Wife I am sorry, this ill is befall me ye.  
But I tell you true, the fault was in you.  
For till this day, I dare boldly say,  
I never did proffer you such an offer;  
It was your own seeking.

Strife. I behew such striking.  
So close by the ribs, you may strike your ribs  
So, well enough.

T. Tiler. This rage and this ruffe  
Need not to be, wife if ye leve me,  
Let us agree, in love and amitie,  
And do so no more, I am sorry therefore,  
I take God to my judge, that ever this grudge,  
Should happen to be, between you and me.

Strife. Alas, I may mone I might have been woone  
With half these strokes, but carnesesse provokes  
Kind hearts to disbever, and hatred soz ever  
Most commonly growes, by dealing of blowes.  
Therefore blame not me, if I cannot love ye;  
While we two have life.

T. Tiler. By my halidome wife;  
Because you say so, now shall ye know  
If you will content you, that I do lament you.  
For I will tell you true, When I saw you  
Ever brawling and fighting, and ever crossebiting,  
Which made me still wo, that you shold thus do;  
At last he easter, I complainid the matter  
To Tom Tayler my master, who taking a walk  
Did put on my coat, since ye will needs know it;  
And so betng disguised, he interpretid  
To come in my steed; and having my swerd  
You pleading your passion after the old fashion;  
Thinking it was I, stroke him by and by,  
Then straight did he in stede of me,  
Carrie your bones, as he said soz the nones,  
To make you obey.

Strife. Is it even so as you say?  
 Gods fah you knave, did you send such a slave  
 To revenge your quarrel in your apparel?  
 Thou shalt abide as dearlie as I.  
 I thought by this place, thou hadst not the face  
 To beat me so sore. Have at thee once more.  
 I now wax fresh to plague a knaves flesh  
 That hath so plagued me, for everie blow thare.  
 Be sure I will pay you, till you do as I would have you.  
 Ah whoreson Dolt thou whoreson subtle Colt;  
 Son of an Oye, how like you your knobs?  
 The pila and the por, and the poison in box  
 Consure such a knave, and bring him to grabe.  
 The Crowes and the Pies, and the verie flesh flies  
 Desire to plague thee. In faith I will plague thee.

T. Tiler. O wife, wife, I pray thee save my life.  
 You hurt me ever, I hurted you never,  
 For Gods sake content thee.

Wife. Pay thou shalt repent thare.  
 That ever Tom Tayler, that Russian and railer  
 Was set to beat me, he had better he had eat me;  
 I hope for to find some tosser so kind  
 To currie that knave, for the old grudge I have,  
 As now I do thare: there is one more for me.  
 Knel down on your knee, you hoddie doddie;  
 I will make you to kowp though you set cock on hoop  
 For sor of Tom Tayler, that he could beguile her.  
 Take that for her sake, some mirth for to make,  
 Like an asse as you be.

T. Tiler. Why should you strike me  
 For another mans fault?

Strife. Because thou art naught,  
 And be a viles knave.

Enter Sturdie  
and Tipple.

Sturdie. What more can ye habe?  
 Euough is enough, as god as a feast.

Strife. He shall bear me one cuff yet more like a beast.  
 Tipple. Gossip content thee, and strike him no more.

T. Tiler.





T. Tiler. All the world wonders upon her therefore,  
Sturdie. Away neighbour Thomas out of her sight.

T. Tiler. Alas she hath almost kild me out right.

I will rather die then see her again. Go in T. Tiler.

Strife. I promise you, I have a great losse then,

How like ye now this last overthwarting ?

It is an old saying, praise at the parting.

I think I have made the Cullion to sing.

I was not beaten so black and blew,

But I am sure he has as many new.

My heart is well eas'd, and I have my wish,

This chafing hath made me as whole as a fish.

And now I dars boldly be merrie again.

Sturdie. By saint Mary you are the happier then.

My neighbour and I, might hap to abie,

If we should so do, as he suffereth you ;

But we commend you.

Strife. I can now intend you,

To laugh and to quake, and lay down my staff,

To dance or to sing.

Tipple. There were no such thing, after this madnes.

Sturdie. And ye say it in sadness,

Let us set in, on a merrie pin.

The stroke of the strife, between Tom and his wife,

As well as we can.

Strife. Shall I begin then to set you both in ?

For I can best do it,

Sturdie. Now I pray thee go to it.

Here they sing.

Hey derie, hoe derie, hey derie dan,

The Tylers wife of our Town,

Hath beaten her good man.

A Song.

**T**om Tiler was a trifeler,  
And fain would have the skil

To

20 Tom Tyler and his Wife.

To practise with Tom Taylor,  
To break his Wives will.  
Tom Taylor got the victorie,  
Will Tylers Wife did know,  
It was a point of subtilitie ;  
Then Tom was beat for wo,  
Thomas Tilers Wife said evermore  
I will full merrite make,  
And never trust a man no more  
For Thomas Taylers sake.  
But if Tom Tiler give a stroke,  
Perhaps if he be stout,  
He shall then have his collard hooke,  
Till blood go round about.  
Though some be sheep, yet some be shrowes,  
Let them be fools that lust :  
Tom Tilers wife will take no blows,  
No more then needs she must.  
If Tom be wise, he will beware,  
Before he make his match,  
To do no further then he dars, Here they end  
For scar he probe a Patch. singing.  
Strife. Gossips, godlike for this merrite song ;  
Pray God we may long keep such merrite glee.  
Sturdie. Be marrle say we,  
God grant all wives, to lead the like lives  
That you do now.  
Tipple. I know not how that may come to passe,  
But by the Halle, god handling doth much.  
Strife. For a fair touch my will shall not want.  
Sturdie. Would God I could plant,  
My eye-lids in such sort, to make such a spoz,  
And live so at ease, to do what I please.  
Tipple. Alwaies the Seas  
Be not like mild, but wanton and wild  
Sometime more higher, then need shall require ;  
So may the hap be with you and with me.

Strife.





*Tom Tyler and his Wife.*

21

Strife. Let all this be, for we will agree,  
And let us away, for I dare say,  
*Tom Tiler* is gone to make his mone,  
After these strokes, like a wise Coaks;  
But all is one.

Sturdie. Come let us be gone it is time for to go.

Tipple. I think it be so; come on, have with you.

Here they go in, and *Tom Taylor*, *Tom Tiler*, and *Destinie* enter.

T. Tiler. If Destinie dr̄be poor Tom for to live,  
For ever in strife with such an ill wife;  
When Tom may complain, no more to remain.  
Here on the earth, but rather wish death.  
For this is too bad.

Taylor. Why, how now my lad, what news with thee?

T. Tiler. In faith as ye see.

After the old fashion, pleading our passion

If Fortune will it, I must fulfil it.

If Destinie say it, I cannot deny it.

Destinie. Nor I cannot stay it.

For when thou wast born, thy luck was forlorn.

Therefore content thee, and never repent thee.

T. Taylor. I cannot lament thee.

For I am sure you know, I charmed your shrow,  
With such cruel blowes, by the faith that now goes  
I thought she would die.

T. Tiler. Then happie were I.

Taylor. And a god cause why,

But you may now go for bacon to Dunno.

T. Tiler. Yet fain would I know, of Destinie now;  
How long and how my life shall it passe.

Taylor. Why scoldy ase, that were but a follie.

For he is too hollie to tell any news.

Destinie. I do not use, to tell ore a strife,  
A suddenly gleek, ore men be aware.

Taylor. Then I can declare if I look in thy hand,  
How thy fortune will stand. Hold forth thy fist.

T. Tiler.

T.Tiler. Here, do what ye list.

Tayler. By my troth I wist it, and have not missit.

He striketh him on the cheek,  
By the sign that here goes, you are born to take blowes.

Carrie, let me look again.

Tom Tyler. Nay beshrew my heart then.

Tayler. Aske Destinie hereby, and I make a lie.

Destinie. No, you do not indeed.

T. Tyler. When I will change my weed,  
And tyle it no more, if my chance be so sore,  
As you two doe make it.

Destiny. We do not mistake it,  
Thereof be you bold, and this hope you may hold,  
If your fortune bee to hang on a tree,  
Ffe boote from the ground, ye shall never be drownd.  
So if you be borne, to hold with the horne,  
How soever your wife set it, you cannot let it.  
And if you leade an ill life, by chance of your wife,  
Take this for verity, all is but your destiny.  
And though your deedes prove naught,  
Yet am I not in fault.

T. Tiler. Then let me be taught, how to eschew,  
Such dangers as you, enforce to a man.

Destiny. Yea, but who can instruct you thereon?  
For all is no more then I have said before.  
But howsoever it be, learn this of me,  
If you take it not ill, but with a good will,  
It shall never grieve you.

Tayler. No faith, I believe you,  
That is even all. He that loves shall,  
It were pittie he should lack it.

T. Tyler. Then I must pack it  
Between the coat and the skin,  
As my fortune hath been ever yet in my life,  
Since I am married with Strife,  
Hap god hap, will, hap god, hap evil ;  
Even hap as hap may.

Tayler.





Tom Tyler and his Wife.

23

Tayler. That is a wise way.

Never set at thy heart, thy wifes churlish part,  
That she sets at her heel, such sorrows to feel.

It would grieve any Saint. Enter Strife.

Strife. Take a penke, and paint your wordes in a table,  
That the fool may be able to know what to doe.

Desteny. Here is one comes to woo,

By the Paste I will not tary. Desteny goeth in.

Strife. I would it were muskadine for ye,

To stand prating with knaves.

Tayler. Hark hark she raves, she longues for a whip.

Strife. Be faith good man blabber lip.

You pricklyouse knave you, have you nothing to do  
At home with your breds? a prayer or wise heads  
I promise you you have. But you doltish knave,  
Come home, or I will fetch you.

Tayler. Now a halter stretch you.

And them that sent you.

Enter Patience.

Pacienc. Good friendes, I pray you content you.

Whence cometh this strife, I pray thee good wifse?

We pacient for all.

Strife. And shall the knave braul.

And make discord to be, betwene my husband and me.]

Pacienc. Why so? are you he

That ierch debate, and disposed to prate?

I pray you be kill.

Tayler. Marry with a good will.

As God shall save me, I did behaue me

As well as myght bee, as these folkes did see.

Till this gighib dame, into this place came

But she is too too bad.

Patienc. And I count him mad,

That for any fit, will compare his wif,

And with a foolish woman to wander,

He is as wise as a Gander.

You are too much to blame, and you to for shame,

Leave your old canker, and let your steeff anker

D

We

We alwapes so hold, where I pacience am hold  
 If things hap awry, to fall out by and by,  
 It doth not agree, though Desteny be  
 Unfriendly to some, as he hits all that come,  
 In wealth and in wo, I am sure you know,  
 There shold be no strife, betwene man and wife  
 And thus my tale endes, I would have you all friends  
 And I would have Tom Tayler to be no rapier,  
 Nor Tom tyler to chide, whitch I cannot abide.  
 Nor his wife sor to shew, any prankes of a shrew.

T. Tyler. Ich wold god it were so, for I bid the wo.  
 Ich wile it sor my part, even with all my heart.  
 For howsoever it goes, I beare the blownes,  
 Whitch I tell you I like not.

Tayler. Though I chide, I strike not,  
 Your Master ship doth see.  
 Strife. I behelw his knaves heart, that last stroke me.  
 Patience. Well once agayne let this foolishnes be.  
 And as I told you, so I pray you hold you,  
 For I will not away, till I set such a stay,  
 To make you gree friendly, that now chale unkindly.  
 Come on Strife I finde, your churlish kinde.  
 You must needes bridle, if it be possible,  
 For els it were vaine, to take any paine.  
 Take Tom by the fist, and let me see him kist,  
 Strife. If Patience intreat me,  
 I will though Tom beate me,

T. Tyler. Well wise, I thanke you.  
 Patience. Nay whither away prank you?  
 Tom Tayler also, shall you kill ere you go,  
 And see you be friends.

Strife. I would he had kist both the endes.  
 Tayler. Nay, there a hoate coale  
 Patience. Now see this wilde Foale.  
 Be quiet I pray you, for therfore I say you,  
 And Desteny to thee, thou must also agree,  
 As well as the rest.

Enter Desteny  
 Desteny





Destenie. I think it to best.

We you agreed all a-

All speak. We are, and we shall.

Patience. Then take hands, and take chance,  
And I will lead the dance.  
Come sing after me, and loke we agree.

Now speake altogether, except Pati-  
ence.

Here they sing this Song.

A Song.

**P**Atience entreateth good fellows all,  
Where Folly beateth to break their brawll,  
Where wills be willfull, and Fortune shall,  
A patient party perswadeth all,

Though Strife be surdy to move debats,  
As some unworthy have done of late.  
And he that wort may the candel carry,  
If Patience pray thee, do never batry.

If froward Fortune hap so awrie,  
To make thee marry by Destenie,  
If fits unkindly do move thy mood,  
Take all things patiently, both ill and good.

Patience perseore if thou endure,  
It will be better thou magest be sure,  
In wealth or wo, howsoever it ends,  
Wheresoever ye go, be patient Friends.

The end of this Song.

Here they all go in, and one cometh out, and singeth this Song  
following all alone with instruments, and all the rest with-  
in sing between every staffe, the first two lines.

D. 2

The

## The concluding Song.

*When sorrows be great, and hap aby,*  
*Let Reason intreat thee patiently.*

## A Song.

**T**hough pinching be a pyble pain,  
 To want desire that is but vain.  
 Though some be curse, and some be kind  
 Subdue the world with patient mind.

**W**ho sits so hie, who sits so low ?  
 Who feels such joy, that feels no wo ?  
 When bale is bad, good boote is ne  
 Take all adventures patiently.

**T**o marrie a sheep, to marrie a shee,  
 Do met with a friend to met with a bee,  
 These checks of chance can no man sie,  
 But God himself that rules the skie.

**W**hich God preserve our noble Queene,  
 From pernicious chance that hath ben sown,  
 And send her Subjects grace say I.  
 To serue her Highness patiently.

God save the Queen.



Sen clff: all by  
 y<sup>r</sup> last sent to













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## A

Names of the Authors.	Names of the Playes.		Names of the Authors.	Names of the Playes.	
Will. Shakespeare	A S You like it.			Arden of Fever-sham.	T
Will. Shakespeare	Alls well that ends well.		Cyrill Tourneur	Atheists Tragedy	T
Will. Shakespeare	Anthony & Cleopater.	T	John F. nes	Adrasta.	C
Lord Sterling	Alexandrian Tragedy.	T	Nat. Field	Amends for Ladies.	C
Lord Brooks	Alaham.	T	Dr. Maine.	Anrovous War,	C
Geo. Peele	Alphonsus Emp. of Germany.	T	Rob. Cox	Aetœon and Dia-na.	I
John Webster	Appius and Virginia.	T	Torquato Tasso	Aminta.	P
J. Shirley	Arcadia.	P	John Study	Agamenon.	T
Will. Rowly	Alls lost by lust.	T	Sir John Suckling	Aglaura.	TC
Rich. Brome	Antipodes.	C	Leonard Willan	Altrea.	P
Sir W.D'Avenant	Albouine.	T	Tho. May	Antigone.	I
Hen. Glapthorne	Albertus Wallenstein.	T	Lod. Carlike	Arviragus & Philicia, 1st. part.	TC
Hen. Glapthorne	Argalus and Parthenia.	P	Lod. Carlike	Arviragus & Philicia, 2d. part.	TC
Shak. Marmion	Antiquary.	C	John Mifflon	Antonio and Melida.	T
Ibo. Randoll	Aristippus.	I	John Mifflon	Antonio and Melida.	T
Ibo. Randoll	Amintas.	C	Tho. May	Agrippina.	T
			E. W.	Apollo Shroving	C

3

<i>John Lilly</i>	Alexander and Campaspe.	C	R. C.	Alphonsus King of Arragon.	H
<i>Henry Porter</i>	Alburnazar.	C		Alarum for Lon- don.	H
<i>Ben. Johnson</i>	Angry women of Abington.	C	R. B.	Appius and Vir- ginia.	T
<i>T. Lupton.</i>	Alchunist.	C		Andromana.	T
<i>Geo. Chapman</i>	All for money.	T		Andrea in Te- rence.	C
<i>Nic. Trotte</i>	All fooles.	C	<i>Bernard</i>	Adelphus in Ter.	C
<i>Will. Shakespeare</i>	Arthur.	T		Abrahams Sacri- fice.	
<i>La. Pembroke</i>	The Arraignment of Paris.	P		Albion.	J
	Antonius.	T			
	Albions Triumph M	M			

## B

<i>John Fletcher</i>	<b>B</b> eggars Bush.	C	<i>Geo. Chapman</i>	Byrons conspira- cy.	H
<i>John Fletcher</i>	Bonduca.	T	<i>Geo. Chapman</i>	Byrons Tragedy.	T
<i>Ben. Johnson</i>	Bartholmew Fair	C	<i>John Ford</i>	Breaken heart.	T
	Bastard.	T	<i>Ibo. Nabs</i>	Bride.	C
<i>John Fletcher</i>	Bloody Brother.	T	<i>T. D.</i>	Cloudy Banquet.	T
<i>F. Shirley</i>	Bird in a Cage.	C	<i>Sir John Suckling</i>	Brenoralt.	T
<i>F. Shirley</i>	Ball.	C		The Battel of Al- cazar.	T
<i>F. Shirley</i>	Brothers.	C	<i>John Day</i>	The blind Beggar of Bednal green	C
<i>Tho. Heywood</i>	Brazen Age.	C		Blurg. Mr. Con- stable.	C
<i>Phil. Massinger</i>	Bondman.	C	<i>Tho. Middleton</i>	Band Ruff & cuff.	I
<i>Phil. Massinger</i>	Bashfull lover.	C		Blind Lady.	G
<i>Geo. Chapman</i>	Blind beggar of Alexandria.	C	<i>Howard</i>	Britannia Trium- phans.	M
<i>Geo. Chapman</i>	Bussy D'Amboys.	T	<i>Sir W.D' Avenant</i>	Bottom the wea- ver.	I
<i>Geo. Chapman</i>	Bussy D'Amboys	T			
	Revenge.				

## C

<i>Will. Shakespeare</i>	<b>C</b> omedy of Errors.	C	<i>Will. Shakespeare</i>	Cymbeline.	T
<i>Will. Shakespeare</i>	Coriolanus.	T	<i>John Fletcher</i>	Custome of the Country.	C

*John*





<i>John Fletcher</i>	Captain.	C	<i>Rob. Mead.</i>	Combat of Love C
<i>John Fletcher</i>	Coxcomb.	C		and Friendship.
<i>John Fletcher</i>	Chances.	C		Costly Whore.
<i>Dr. Mayne</i>	City Match.	C	<i>Tho. Killigrew.</i>	Claracilla.
<i>Lord Sterling</i>	Croesus.	T	<i>Tho. Miz</i>	Cleopatra.
<i>Ben. Johnson</i>	Christmas his Mask.	M	<i>Sam. Daniel</i>	Cleopatra.
<i>Ben. Johnson</i>	Cloridia, rites to Cloris.	M	<i>Tho. Carew</i>	Coelum Britanni-
<i>Midleton &amp; Rowly</i>	Clangling.	C	<i>Ios. Rutter</i>	cum.
<i>John Fletcher</i>	Clipids revenge.	T	<i>Ios. Rutter</i>	Cid 1st. part.
<i>Ia. Shirley</i>	Changes, or love in a Maze.	C	<i>Earl of Newcastle</i>	Cid 2d. part.
<i>Ia. Shirley</i>	Chabot Admirall of France.	T	<i>Geo. Sands</i>	Country Captain
<i>Ia. Shirley</i>	Constant Maid.	C	<i>Will. Shakespeare</i>	Christ's Passion.
<i>Ia. Shirley</i>	Coronation.	C	<i>John Swallow</i>	Cromwell's History
<i>Ia. Shirley</i>	Cardinal.	T		H
<i>Ia. Shirley</i>	Court secret.	C	<i>Tho. Preston</i>	Cynthia's Re-
<i>Tho. Heywood</i>	Chalenge for beauty.	C	<i>Tho. Kyd</i>	venge.
<i>Tho. Middleton.</i>	Chast maid in Cheapside.	C	<i>Phil. Messenger</i>	Cynthia's Revels.
<i>Alex. Brome</i>	Cunning lovers.	C	<i>Sir W.D'Avenant</i>	Catilines conspi-
<i>Rich. Brome</i>	Court Beggar.	C		racy.
<i>Rich. Brome</i>	City wit.	C		Cambyses King of
<i>Geo. Chapman</i>	Cæsar & Pompey	T		Perfia.
<i>Sir W.D'Avenant</i>	Cruel Brother.	T		Cornelia.
<i>Tho. Goffe</i>	Couragous Turk	T		The City Madam.
<i>Ant. Brewer</i>	Country girie.	C		The Cruelty of
<i>Darbourne</i>	Christian turn'd Turk.	T		the Spaniards
<i>Tho. Nasb</i>	Covent garden.	C		M
<i>Tho. Goffe</i>	Charles the 1st.	T		in Peru.
	Careleffe Shep- pardesse.	TC		The Case is altered.
	Cupids Whirli- gigg.	C		Cæsar's Revenge.
<i>John Kirke</i>	Champions of Christendome.	H		Cyrus King of
<i>Ia. Shirley</i>	Cupid and Death	M		Perfia.
	Combat of Caps.	M		The Coblers pro-
<i>Sheward</i>	Committe-man	C		pheie.
			<i>Wesley &amp; Rowly</i>	Conflict of con-
				science.
				P
				The Countesse of
				Pembrooks I-
				vy-church.
				Crafty Cromwel.
				Cromwel's con-
				spiracy.
				Cruel Debtor.
				Comous condi-
				tions.
				Cure for a Cuck-
				old.
				Iohn

## D

<i>John Fletcher</i>	<b>D</b> ouble mar- riage.	C	<i>Tho. Heywood</i>	Dutches of Suff.	H
<i>Lord Sterling</i>	Darius.	T	<i>John Tateham</i>	Distracted State.	T
<i>Ben. Johnson</i>	Divel is an Asse.	C	<i>John Marston</i>	Dutch Courtezan	C
	Dukes Mistresse.	TC	<i>Barnabe Barnes</i>	Darius Story.	I
<i>Ia. Shirley</i>	Doubtful heir.	TC		The Devils char- ter.	T
<i>Ia. Shirley</i>	Duke of Millain.	T	<i>Sir W.D'Avenant</i>	Doctor Dodipol.	C
<i>Phil. Massinger</i>	Damoyselle.	C		Drakes History	M
<i>Rich. Brome</i>	Divels Law case.	TC	<i>Marloe and Nash</i>	1st. part.	
<i>John Webster</i>	Dutchesse of Mal- fy.	T		Dido Queen of Carthage.	T
<i>John Webster</i>	Doctor Faustus.	T		Damon and Py- thias.	H
<i>Chr. Marloe</i>	Disobedient child.	I	<i>Lod. Carlile</i>	The Deserving Favourite.	TC
<i>Tho. Ingeland</i>	David and Bath- sabe.	TC	<i>Rob. Baron</i>	Deorum Dona.	M
<i>Geo. Peele</i>	Dumb Knight.	C		Dick Scorer.	
<i>Lewis Machin</i>				Destruction of Je- rusalem.	
				Don Quixot, or the Knight of the ill-favoured coun- tenance.	C

## E

<i>John Fletcher</i>	<b>E</b> lder Bro- ther.	C	<i>Chapman, Johnson</i>	Eastward hoe.	C
<i>Ia. Shirley</i>	Example.	C	<i>Geo. Peele</i>	Edward the 1st.	H
<i>Tho. Heywood</i>	English Traveller	C	<i>Tho. Heywood</i>	Elizabeths trou- bles, 1st. part.	H
	Edward the 4th. 1st. part.	C	<i>Tho. Heywood</i>	Elizabeths trou- ble, 2d. part.	H
	Edward the 4th. 2d. part.	C	<i>T. R.</i>	Extravgant Shepheard.	C
<i>Phil. Massinger</i>	Emperour of the East.	C	<i>John Lilly</i>	Endimion.	C
<i>Chr. Marloe</i>	Edward the 2d.	T	<i>Ben. Johnson</i>	Every man in his humour.	C
<i>Tho. Nas</i>	Entertainment on the Princes Birth day.	I	<i>Ben. Johnson</i>	Every man out of his hu-	C





<i>C. W.</i>	Electra of Sophi- cles.	T		Interlude of Youth.	I
<i>Rich. Brome</i>	Edward the 3d.	H	<i>Sir Will. Lower</i>	The Enchanted Lovers.	P
	The English Moor or the Mock- marriage.	C		Enough's as good as a Feast.	
	Every Woman in her humour.	C	<i>Bernard</i>	Eunuchus in Te- rence.	C

## F

<i>John Fletcher</i>	<b>F</b> our Playes in one.	C	<i>John Fletcher</i>	False one.	T
<i>John Fletcher.</i>	Faithfull Shep- pardesse.	P	<i>Ben. Johnson</i>	Fatal Union.	T
<i>John Fletcher</i>	Fair Maid of the Inne.	C	<i>Ben. Johnson</i>	Fortunate Isles.	M
<i>Tho. Heywood</i>	Fair Maid of the West, 1st. part.	C	<i>Tho. Jordan</i>	Flowers.	M
<i>Tho. Heywood</i>	Fair Maid of the West, 2d. part.	C		Fox.	C
<i>Tho. Heywood</i>	Fortune by land and Sea.	C	<i>Lod. Carlile</i>	Fancies Festi- vals.	M
<i>Tho. Heywood</i>	Four London Prentices.	H		The Fool would be a favourite, or the discreet Lover.	TC
<i>Phil. Massinger</i>	Fatal dowry.	T	<i>Geo. Gerbier</i>	The False Favou- rite disgrac'd.	TC
<i>Middleton &amp; Rowly</i>	Fair Quarrel.	TC	<i>D'ourvilly</i>	The Fatal con- tract.	
<i>John Ford</i>	Fancies.	C	<i>Will. Hemings</i>	Ferex and Porex.	T
<i>Shak. Marriion</i>	Fine companion.	C	<i>Tho. Norton</i>	Family of Love.	C
	Fleire.	C	<i>Tho. Middleton</i>	Fortunatus.	C
	Fair Maid of the Exchange.	C	<i>Tho. Decker</i>	Freewill.	T
<i>Will. Strode</i>	Floating Island.	C	<i>Gilb. Swinboc</i>	The Fair Irene.	T
<i>Robert Green</i>	Frier Bacon.	C	<i>Rich. Fanshaw</i>	The Faithfull Shepheard.	P
<i>John Marston</i>	Fair Em.	C		Fair Maid of Bri- stow.	
	Fawne.	C		Fidele and For- tunata.	
	Faithful Shep- heard.	P		Fulgius & Lucrel.	

## G

<i>Will. Shakespeare</i>	<b>G</b> entlemen of C	<b>G</b> host.
<i>L. Shirley</i>	<b>G</b> Verona.	Gentle Craft.
<i>L. Shirley</i>	Gamester.	C Gyles Goose cap.
<i>L. Shirley</i>	Gentleman of Ve- TC	Guardian.
	nice.	Goblins.
<i>L. Shirley</i>	Grateful! Ser- C	Gallathea.
	vant.	Mr. S. Mr. of Art
<i>Ibo. Heywood</i>	Golden Age.	Gammer Gur-
<i>Phil. Massinger</i>	Great Duke of C	ton's needle.
	Florence.	The Glasse of Go- TC
<i>Phil. Massinger</i>	Guardian.	vernment.
<i>Ibo. Middleton</i>	Game at chesse.	The Gentleman C
<i>John Cook</i>	Greens tu quo- C	Usher.
	que.	Gripus & Hegio. P
		Guise.

## H

<i>Will. Shakespeare</i>	<b>H</b> enry the 4th H	<b>B</b> en. Johnson	<b>H</b> onor of Wales. M
	1st. part.	<i>L. Shirley</i>	Hide park.
<i>Will. Shakespeare</i>	Henry the 4th. H	<i>L. Shirley</i>	Humorous Cour- C
	2d. part.		tier.
<i>Will. Shakespeare</i>	Henry the 5th. H	<i>Geo. Chapman</i>	Humorous dayes C
<i>Will. Shakespeare</i>	Henry the 6th. H		mirth.
	1st. part.	<i>Ibo. Decker</i>	Honest Whore , C
<i>Will. Shakespeare</i>	Henry the 6th. H		1st. part.
	2d. part.	<i>Ibo. Decker</i>	Honest Whore , C
<i>Will. Shakespeare</i>	Henry the 6th. H		2d. part.
	3d. part.	<i>Hen. Gliphorn</i>	Hollander.
<i>Will. Shakespeare</i>	Henry the 8th. H		Hollands Lea- C
		<i>Shak. Marmion</i>	guer.
<i>Will. Shakespeare</i>	Hamlet.		Hannibal and Sci- T
<i>John Fletcher</i>	Humorous Lieu- tenant.	<i>Ibo. Nas</i>	pio.
			Hieronimo 2. part T





<i>Markham &amp; Sam- pson</i>	Histrionastix. Herod and Anti- pater.	C T		Henry the 5th. H with the bat- tel of Agen- court.
	How to choose a good wife from a bad.	TC	S. S.	The Honest Law- yer. C
<i>Sir W. Lower</i>	Horatius.	T	<i>Iob. Day</i>	Humour out of C breath.
<i>Tho. Randoll</i>	Hey for honesty, down with kna- very.	C	<i>W. Smith</i>	The Hector of H Germany.
<i>Tho. May</i>	Heire.	TC		Hieronymo 1st. T
<i>Ediper Heywood</i>	Hercules furiens.	T		Hog hath lost his C
<i>John Study</i>	Hippolitus.		<i>Rob. Taylor</i>	pearl.
<i>John Study</i>	Hercules Oetus.	T		Hymens' Try- umph. P
<i>Edmond Prestwich</i>	Hippolitus. Hectors or false challenge.	T C	<i>Sam. Daniel</i> <i>Bernard</i> <i>J. Shirley</i>	Heanton. in Ter. C Honoria&Mamoni

## I

<i>Will. Shakespeare</i>	John King of H England.	H	<i>Geo. Gascoigne</i> <i>Rob. Davenport</i>	Jocasta. T
<i>Will. Shakespeare</i>	Julius Caesar.	T	<i>Fra. Goldsmith</i>	John and Matilda T
<i>John Fletcher</i>	Island Princesse.	C		Joseph. T
<i>Lord Sterling</i>	Julius Caesar.	T	<i>Tho. Dekkar</i>	Jacob and Esau. C
<i>Cosmo Manuch.</i>	Just General.	T		If this be'nt a C good play, the Divel's in't.
<i>L. Shirley</i>	Imposture.	TC		The Inner Tem- ple Mask. M
<i>Tho. Heywood</i>	Iron age First part.	TC H	<i>Tho. Middleton</i>	Jack Strawes life H and death.
<i>Tho. Heywood</i>	Iron age, Second part.	H		James the 4th. H
<i>Rich. Brome</i>	Jovial crew.			John K. of Eng- H
<i>Sir W. D'Avenant</i>	Just Italian.	C	<i>Will. Shakespeare</i>	land 1st. part. H
<i>Chr. Marloe</i>	Jew of Malta.	TC	<i>Will. Shakespeare</i>	John K. of Eng- H
<i>Tho. Randoll</i>	Jealous Lovers.	T		land 2d. part. H
<i>Sr. Ralph Freeman</i>	Imperiale.	C		Josephs afflictions
<i>John Marston</i>	Infatiate Coun- tesse.	T		Jack Jugler.
	Jack Drums en- tertainment.	T		Impatient pover- ty.
<i>Jo. Day</i>	Isle of Guls.			John Evangelist.
				John

## K

<i>John Fletcher</i>	<b>K</b> ing and no King	C	<b>K</b> ing and <b>Q</b> ueens M entertainment at Richmond.
<i>John Fletcher</i>	Knight of the C burning pestle.	C	Knight of the H Golden shield.
<i>John Fletcher</i>	Knight of Mal- ta.	C	Knack to know C an honest man.
<i>Ben. Johnson</i>	Kings Entertain- ment at Wel- beck.	M	Knack to know a C Knave.
<i>J. D.</i>	Knave in grain.	C	

## L

<i>Will. Shakespeare</i>	<b>L</b> oves Labour lost.	C	<b>Sir W. D' Avenant</b> Love and honour C
<i>John Fletcher</i>	Little French Lawyer.	C	<b>John Ford</b> Lovers melan- T choly.
<i>John Fletcher</i>	Loyal Subject.	C	<b>John Ford</b> Loves sacrifice. T
<i>John Fletcher</i>	Lawes of Candy.	C	<b>John Ford</b> Ladies triail. C
<i>John Fletcher</i>	Lovers progress.	C	<b>Hen. Glapthorne</b> Ladies priviledge C
<i>John Fletcher</i>	Loves Cure, or the Martial maid	C	<b>Ant. Brewer</b> Lovesick King. TC
<i>John Fletcher</i>	Loves pilgrim- age.	C	Landagartha. TC
<i>John Fletcher</i>	Lost Lady.	TC	Loves Loadstone. C
<i>Ben. Johnson</i>	Loves triumph.	M	Lingua. C
<i>Ben. Johnson</i>	Loves welcome.	M	Loves dominion. P
<i>Pears</i>	Lové in its exta- sie.	P	Loves Riddle. P
<i>Cofin. Mnuch</i>	Loyal lovers.	TC	Lod. Sforza. T
<i>J. Shirley</i>	Loves cruelty.	T	Lancaster Witch- C
<i>J. Shirley</i>	Lady of plea- sure.	C	es.
<i>Ibo. Heywood</i>	Loves Mistresse.	M	Will. Shakespeare Leir & his three T daughters.
			Lady Errant. TC
			Three Lords and C
			Ladies of Lon- don. C
			Chri-





<i>Chr. Marloe</i>	Lusts Dominion, or the Lascivious Queen.	T	<i>Rich. Brome</i>	The Love-sick Court, or the Ambitious po- litick.	C
<i>Ulpian Fulwel</i>	Like will to like, quoth the Di- vel.	I		The London Chaunticleers.	C
<i>R. Wever.</i>	Lusty Juventus.	I		Look about you, or run Red caps.	C
<i>R. W.</i>	The three La- dies of Lon- don.	C		Leir and his three daugh- ters.	H
<i>John Talbain</i>	Love crowns the end.	TC		A Looking-glas- for London, &c.	H
<i>Will. Shakespeare</i>	The London pro- digal.	C	<i>The Lodge and Rob Green.</i>	Liberality and Prodigality.	C
<i>Ieb. Day</i>	Law tricks, or who would have thought it?	C		Lady Almonyn.	C
<i>W. S.</i>	Locrine Eldest son to K. Bru- tus.	T		Luminalia.	M
<i>VV. Chamberlaine</i>	Loves victory.	C		Lawes of Na- ture.	C
<i>Tho. Meriton</i>	Love and war.	T			
<i>John Lilly</i>	Loves Metamor- phosis.	C			

## M

<i>Will. Shakespeare</i>	<b>M</b> erry wives of Wind- for.	C	<i>John Fletcher</i>	Maid in the C mill.	C
<i>Will. Shakespeare</i>	Measure for mea- sure.	C	<i>John Fletcher</i>	Mask of Grayes M Inne Gent.	M
<i>Will. Shakespeare</i>	Much adoe about nothing.	C	<i>Ben. Johnson</i>	Magnetick Lady. C	C
<i>Will. Shakespeare</i>	Midsomer nights dream.	C	<i>Ben. Johnson</i>	Mask at my M Lord Hayes house.	M
<i>Will. Shakespeare</i>	Merchant of Ve- nice.	C	<i>Ben. Johnson</i>	Metamorphosed M Gipies.	M
<i>Will. Shakespeare</i>	Mackbeth.	T	<i>Ben. Johnson</i>	Mask of Augurs. M	M
		C	<i>Ben. Johnson</i>	Mask of Owles. M	M
			<i>Ben. Johnson</i>	Mantua. C. II	T

<i>Lord Brooks</i>	Mutapha.	T	<i>John Lilly</i>	Mydas.	C
	<i>Marcus Tullius</i>	T	<i>John Lilly</i>	<i>Mother Bomby.</i>	C
	Cicero.		<i>Sir VV. Lower</i>	Martyr.	T
<i>Barten Hildy</i>	Marriage of the Arts.	C		<i>Massanello.</i>	T
<i>John Fletcher</i>	Montieur Thomas.	C	<i>Geo. Chapman</i>	May day.	C
<i>John Fletcher</i>	Maids Tragedy.	T	<i>John Marston</i>	Malecontent.	TC
<i>Iz. Shirley</i>	Maids Revenge.	T	<i>Rob. Baron.</i>	Myrza.	T
<i>Hen. Shirley</i>	Martyr'd soul-dier.	T		The Marriage of Wit and Science.	I
<i>Tho. Heywood</i>	Maidenhead well lost.	C	<i>Tho. Middleton</i>	More dissemblers than women.	C
<i>Phil. Massinger</i>	Maid of honour.	C	<i>Chr. Marloe</i>	The massacre at Paris.	T
<i>Tho. Middleton.</i>	Mad world my masters.	C	<i>Edw. Sherburne</i>	<i>Medea.</i>	T
<i>W. Rowly</i>	Match at midnight.	C	<i>VV. VV.</i>	Menechmus.	C
<i>Tho. Middleton</i>	Michaelmas Term	C	<i>Geo. Chapman</i>	The Mask of the Middle Temple and Lincolns Inne.	M
<i>Rich. Brome</i>	Mad couple well match'd.	C		Mariam.	T
<i>Geo. Chapman</i>	Montieur D'Oliver.	C	<i>La. Eliz. Carew</i>	<i>Marius and Scilla.</i>	T
<i>Tho. Decker</i>	Match me in London.	C	<i>Tho. Lodge</i>	Maids Metamorphosis.	C
<i>Will. Shakespeare</i>	Merry Divel of Edmonton.	C	<i>John Lilly</i>	The Merry milkmaids.	C
<i>Will. Shakespeare</i>	Medicinus.	C		The Maids of Morelack.	H
<i>Tho. Nashe</i>	Microcosmus.	M	<i>J. S.</i>	Masquerade du Miel.	M
<i>Tho. Randolph</i>	Muses Looking glasse.	C	<i>Rich. Fleckno</i>	The Marriage of Oceanus and Britannia.	M
<i>John Marston</i>	Muleasses the Turk.	T	<i>Tho. Middleton</i>	The Mayor of Quinborough.	T
	Mercurius Britannicus.	C		Manhood & Wisdomie.	
<i>Geo. Wilkins</i>	Miseries of enforced marriage.	TC		Mary Magdalens repentance.	
<i>John Studley</i>	Medea.	T	<i>John Milton</i>	Miltons Mask,	M
<i>Nat. Richards</i>	Medalina.	T		Noble	





## N

<i>John Fletcher</i>	<b>N</b> oble Gen- tleman.	C	<i>Deckar &amp; Webster</i>	Nero newly writ- ten.	T
<i>John Fletcher</i>	Nice Vallor, or the Passionate mad man.	C		Northward hoe.	C
<i>Ben. Johnson</i>	Newes from the new world in the moon.	M	<i>Ben. Johnson</i>	Noble stranger. New trick to cheat the devil.	C
<i>Ben. Johnson</i>	Neptunes tri- umph.	M		New Inne.	C
<i>John Fletcher</i>	Night walker, or Little thief.	C		Nero's life and death.	T
<i>Phil. M. finger</i>	New way to pay old debts.	C	<i>Rich. Brome</i>	New Custome.	I
<i>Sam. Rowly</i>	Noble Spanish souldier.	T		No body and some body.	H
<i>Rich. Brome</i>	Northerne lasse.	C		The New Acade- my, or the New Exchange.	C
<i>Rich. Brome</i>	Novella.	C		Nice wanton.	

## O

<i>Will. Shakespeare</i>	<b>O</b> thello moor of Venice.	T	<i>Lod. Carlile</i>	Osmond the great,	T
<i>J. Shirley</i>	Opportunity.	C		Turk, or the noble servant.	
<i>Midleton &amp; Rowly</i>	Old law.	C	<i>L. VV.</i>	Orgula, or the Fatal Errour.	T
<itho. goffe<="" i=""></itho.>	Orestes.	T		The old Couple.	C
<i>Will. Shakespeare</i>	Old Castles life and death.	H	<i>Tho. May</i>	Orlando Furioso.	H
<i>Alex. Nevile</i>	OEdipus.	T		Old wives tale.	
<i>T. Nuce</i>	Ostavia.	T			
<i>VV. Cartwright</i>	Ordinary.	C			
<i>Sir Aten Cockaine</i>	Obstinate Lady.	C			

## P

<i>John Fletcher</i>	<b>P</b> rophetesse.	C	<i>Hon. Kilgrew.</i>	Pallantus & Eu-	T
<i>John Fletcher</i>	Pilgrim.	C	<i>Ben. Johnson</i>	dora. Pleasure recon-	M

Ben. Johnson	Pans Anniverſa- ry.	M	Ioh. Heywood	A Play between I the Pardoner and the Frier, the Curate and Neighbour Prat.
John Fleicher	Philaster.	C		
Ja. Shirley	Polititian.	C		
Ja. Shirley	Patrick for Ire- land.	H		
Phil. Massinger	Picture.	C	Job. Heywood	A Play of Gen- tlenesse and Nobility &c. the 1ſt part.
Sir W. D' Avenant	Platonick Lo- vers.	C		
John Ford	Perkin War- beck.	H	John Heywood	A Play of Gen- tlenesse and Nobility, &c. the 2d part.
John Ford	Pitty Shee's a T Whore.	T		The Puritan wi- dow.
Will. Shakespeare	Peicles Prince of Tyre.	H	Will. Shakespeare	
Rob. Darbourne	Poor mans com- fort.	C		The Pinner of Wakefield.
Tho. Middleton	Phænix.	C		Philotas Scotch.
Lod. Carlile	Fashionate Lovers	TC		Plutus.
Lod. Carlile	1ſt part.		H. H. B.	Patient Grifſel.
Lod. Carlile	Paſſionate Lovers	TC		Patient Grifſel oid.
Will. Lower	Phænix in her Flames.	T		Promises of God mani- fested.
Geo. Casygn	Pleasure at Ken- elworth Castle.	M		Promus and Cassandra, 2 parts.
Tho. Killigrew	Prisoners.	TC		Plutimio in Te- rence.
Sam. Daniel	Phylotas.	T		Presbyterian Lash.
James Howel	Peleus & Thetis.	M		
Ben. Johnson	Poetaſter.	C		
J.S.	Phyllis of Scy- ros.	P		
Jo. Day	The Parliament of Bees.	M		
	The Pedlars pro- phesie.	C		
John Heywood	A Play of love.	I		
John Heywood	The Play of the Weather.	I		
John Heywood	A Play between Johan Johan the husband Tyb his wife, &c.	I		





## Q

<i>John Fletcher</i>	Queen of Corinth.	C	<i>Sam. Daniel</i>	Queenes Arcadia.	P
<i>Will. Habington.</i>	Queen of Arragon.	TC	<i>Rich. Brome</i>	Queens Exchange.	C
	Queen, or the excellency of her sex.	C	<i>Rich. Brome</i>	The Queen and Concubine.	C

## R

<i>Will. Shakespeare</i>	Richard the Second.	H	<i>Lo. Larey</i>	Ram Ally, or Merriticks.	C
<i>Will. Shakespeare</i>	Richard the 3d.	H		Return from Parnassus.	C
<i>Will. Shakespeare</i>	Romeo and Juliet.	T		Rival friends.	C
<i>Geo. Chapman</i>	Revenge for honour.	T	<i>Pet. Hastyngs</i>	Rhodon and Iris.	P
<i>John Fletcher</i>	Rule a wise, and have a wife.	C	<i>Ra. Knewell</i>	Royal slave.	TC
<i>Ia. Shirley</i>	Royal master.	C	<i>W. Cartwright</i>	Robert Earl of Huntingdon's down-fall.	H
<itho. heywood<="" i=""></itho.>	Royal King, and Loyal Subject.	C		Ro. Earl of Huntington's death.	H
<i>Tho. Heywood</i>	Rape of Lucrece.	T	<i>John Tateham</i>	The Rump, or a Mirror, &c.	C
<i>Phil. Massinger</i>	Roman Actor.	T		Reward for virtue.	C
<i>Phil. Massinger</i>	Renegado.	C		Roaring Girle.	
<i>Tho. Goffe</i>	Raging Turk.	T	<i>Tho Middleton</i>	Robin Hoods pastoral May-games.	
<i>Tho. Rawlins</i>	Rebellion.	T		Robin conscience	
<i>Cyrill Tourneur</i>	Revengers Tragedy.	T			

## S

<i>John Fletcher</i>	Spanish Curate.	C	<i>Ben. Johnson</i>	Staple of Newes.	C
<i>John Fletcher</i>	Sea voyage.	C	<i>Theo. Denbun</i>	Sophy.	T

<i>John Fletcher</i>	<i>Scornful Lady.</i>	C	<i>Will. Rowly</i>	<i>Shoomaker a Gentleman.</i>	C
<i>Iz. Shirley</i>	<i>School of complements.</i>	C	<i>Ben. Johnson</i>	<i>Sejanus.</i>	T
<i>Iz. Shirley</i>	<i>Sisters.</i>	C	<i>Ben. Johnson</i>	<i>Silent woman.</i>	C
<i>Tho. Heywood</i>	<i>Silver age.</i>	H	<i>W. Cartwright</i>	<i>Siedge, or loves convert.</i>	TO
<i>Rich. Brome</i>	<i>Sparagus Garde.</i>	C	<i>Sir W.D' Avenant</i>	<i>The Siege of Rhodes.</i>	M
<i>Tho. Goffe</i>	<i>Selimus.</i>	T	<i>Midleton &amp; Rowly</i>	<i>The Spanish Gip-sies.</i>	C
<i>Tho. Nashe</i>	<i>Spiings glory.</i>	M		<i>Solimon &amp; Per-seda.</i>	C
	<i>Swetnam the woman-hater arraigned.</i>	C		<i>Stukelyes life and death.</i>	H
	<i>Sophister.</i>	C	<i>Tho. Nashe</i>	<i>Summers last will and testa-ment.</i>	C
<i>Rob. Chamberlain</i>	<i>Swaggering dam-fel.</i>	C		<i>See me and see me not.</i>	C
	<i>Sicelides.</i>	P		<i>VV. ult. M.ontaigne</i>	C
<i>L.G.</i>	<i>Strange Discove-ry.</i>	TC		<i>The Sheppard Paradise.</i>	T
	<i>Suns darling.</i>	P		<i>Sir John Suckling</i>	TC
<i>John Tateham</i>	<i>Scots Figaries.</i>	CC		<i>The sad one.</i>	C
<i>Geo. Gascoigne</i>	<i>Supposes.</i>	C		<i>The Spanish Bawd.</i>	TC
<i>Isf. Futter</i>	<i>Sheppards Holy day.</i>	P		<i>Susanna's teares.</i>	I
<i>John Mirston.</i>	<i>Sophonisha.</i>	T		<i>Salmacida spolia.</i>	
<i>Iohn Lilly</i>	<i>Sapho and Phao.</i>	C			

## T

<i>Will. Shakespeare</i>	<i>T</i> Empest.	C	<i>Ben. Johnson</i>	<i>Tale of a tub.</i>	C
<i>Will. Shakespeare</i>	<i>Twelf night or what you will.</i>	C	<i>Ben. Johnson</i>	<i>Time vindicated to himself and to his honors.</i>	M
<i>Will. Shakespeare</i>	<i>Taming of the shrew.</i>	C	<i>John Fletcher.</i>	<i>Thierry &amp; Theodore.</i>	T
<i>Will. Shakespeare</i>	<i>Troylus &amp; Cressida.</i>	T	<i>John Fletcher</i>	<i>Two noble kin- men.</i>	TC
<i>Will. Shakespeare</i>	<i>Titus Andronicus.</i>	T	<i>Iz. Shirley</i>	<i>Taytor.</i>	T
<i>Will. Shakespeare</i>	<i>Tymon of Athens</i>	T	<i>Iz. Shirley</i>	<i>Triumph of peace.</i>	M





Ia. Shirley	Triumph of beauty.	M	<i>W. D'Avenant</i>	The temple of M love.
Tho. Middleton	Trick to catch the old one.	C	<i>Day W. Rowly and Wilkins</i>	The travailes of H the three Eng- lish brothers, Shirleys.
Iba. Nabs	Toteham Court	C		
W. Rider	Twins.	TC		
Jasper Heywood	True Trojans.	H	<i>Robert Wilmot</i>	Taled and Gil- mond.
Jasper Heywood	Thyestes.	T		
Jasper Heywood	Troas.	T	<i>Robert Yarington</i>	Two tragedies in T one.
Tho. Newton	Thebais.	T		
	Tamburlaine first part.	T	<i>Geo. Chapman</i>	Two wisemen & C all the rest fools.
	Tamburlaine 2d part.	T	<i>Sir Astor Cokain</i>	Trappolin sup- pos'd a Prince.
Geo. Wapull	The tide tarrieth no man.	C		Tyrranical Go- vernment.
W. Wager	The longer thou liv'st, the more fool thou art.	C	<i>G. Chapman</i>	Thersites.
	Tom Tyler and his Wife.	I	<i>S. Pordidge</i>	Temple.
	The trial of chivalry.	C	<i>W. Webster &amp; Rowly</i>	Toades.
				Trial of treasure.
				Thracian wonder H

## V

John Fletcher	Valentian.	T	R. A.	Valiant Welch- man.
Ben. Johnson	Vision of De-light.	M	<i>Fr. Quarles</i>	Virgin widow.
Sir W. D'Avenant	Unfortunate Lo-vers.	T	<i>Will. Sampson</i>	Vow-breaker.
Phil. Massinger	Unnatural com-bat.	T	<i>W. Earl of New-castle.</i>	Valiant Scot.
Phil. Massinger	Very woman.	C	<i>Tho. Dekkar</i>	Varieties.
Phil. Massinger	Virgin Martyr.	T		Untrusting the C
Tho. Nabs	Unfortunate moth-ther.	T	<i>Sam. Brandon</i>	Humorous Po- et.
				The Virtuous TC Ostavia.

## W

Will. Shakespeare.	<b>W</b> inters	C	John Fletcher	Woman's prize or C
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<i>John Fletcher</i>	Women pleas'd.	C	<i>John Marston</i>	What you will.	C
<i>John Fletcher</i>	Wife for a month	C	<i>Tho. Heywood</i>	Wife woman of	C
<i>John Fletcher</i>	Wit at several weapons.	C	<i>Geo. Chapman</i>	Hogsdon.	
<i>John Fletcher</i>	Wild Goose chase.	C	<i>Tho. Middleton.</i>	Widows teares.	C
<i>Midleton &amp; Rowly</i>	Widow.	C	<i>Tho. Jordan</i>	World lost at tennis.	M
<i>John Fletcher.</i>	Woman hater.	C		The walks of	C
<i>John Fletcher</i>	VVit without money.	C		Illington and Hogsdon.	
<i>Lt. Shirley</i>	Witty fair one.	C	<i>Tho. Middleton</i>	Women beware	T
<i>Lt. Shirley</i>	Wedding.	C	<i>Tho. Middleton</i>	women.	
<i>Tho. Heywood</i>	Woman kildwith kindnesse.	C		Wit like a	C
<i>Sam. Rowly</i>	When you see H me you know me.	C	<i>Nat. Field</i>	No <i>Helps</i> womans	
<i>Will. Rowly</i>	Wonder a wo- man never vex't	C	<i>Tho. Meriton</i>	A Woman's a C weathercock.	
<i>Sir W. D' Avenant</i>	Wits.	C	<i>Decker &amp; Webster</i>	The Wit of a wo- man.	C
<i>John Webster</i>	White Devil.	T		The Wandring TC lover.	
<i>The Decker</i>	Whore of Baby- Ion.	C		Wits History.	H
<i>Theo. Decker</i>	Wonder of a Kingdome.	C	<i>Rowly, Decker &amp; The Witch of</i>	Edmonton.	TC
<i>Hin. Gaptberne</i>	Wit in a Consta- ble.	C	<i>Ford.</i>	The Woman in C the moon.	
<i>Decker &amp; Webster</i>	Westward-hoe.	C	<i>John Lilly</i>	The Wedding of	C
	Weakeft goes to C wall.	C		the Covent Gar- den, or the Mid- dlesex Justice of &c.	
	Woman will have C her will.	C	<i>Rich. Brome.</i>	Warning for fair T women.	
	Wily beguil'd.	C		VVealth & health	
	Wine, beer, ale, I and tobacco.	C			

Y

<i>J. Shirley</i>	Young Ad- miral.	C	<i>Tho. Middleton</i>	Your five Gal- lants.	C
<i>Will. Shakespear</i>	Yorkshire tragedy	T			









































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